

# SADDEST SCENES NEW YORK HAS WITNESSED IN THIS GENERATION.

How the Lame, the Halt and the Blind of This Great City with Desperate Eagerness Besought "Schlatter the Healer" and Went Home in Hopeless Despair.

By Winifred Black.

A MAN came out of the West last week and said that he was Schlatter, the Divine Healer, a second Messiah, come to cure the sick and make the blind to see. He held his first meeting at Tammany Hall on Wednesday. Before the hall opened the steps were crowded with cripples and blind men and with little children, who were not as other little children are. A newsboy leaned on his crutch and watched the strange group of people waiting on the steps.

When the doors opened he fell in line with the rest and went in. The old hall was crowded—and out of all the crowd two-thirds were sick, desperate people, clutching at the show of hope held out by the man who called himself a Divine Healer.

There were by actual count ninety-eight cripples, sixteen blind persons and over 200 invalids of a less conspicuous sort in the room.

A thin, white faced boy leaned on his crutches in the front row. Next to him was a huge man with a leonine face. He was carried in by four men and held upright by an ingenious system of braces. Next to him sat a twisted girl, with a wistful, patient face. Near them was a paralytic, an old, old woman, with the palsy. There was a whole row of blind people, poor pathetic faces they had, smiling as are always the faces of the blind. Women sat for half an hour in the cold hall, carrying delicate children. An old man tottered down the crowded aisle with a white faced baby in his arms. Poor, trembling, half dazed old women hobbled into the light, where the Divine Healer could see them better. Out of the 600 people in the hall, 400 were invalids of some sort or other. Some of them smiled and tried to look as if they had come just to see the others, but most of them sat with bowed heads and faces tremulous with strained emotion.

The Healer came into the room, and every head was raised in painfully apparent eagerness.

The Healer did not look like a Divine Healer. He looked like a mountebank of the shrewder sort. He was a tall, thin old man, with little blinking eyes and a long, impassive face that looked like a cruel old-fashioned mask. He wore a shining broadcloth suit of old clothes, and he had long, stringy gray hair and a pointed gray beard.

He said a few words of perfunctory prayer and then he came down to see his patients.

The crippled boy in the front row opened and shut his hands convulsively. His lean face worked.

The man in the braces grew scarlet with his efforts to cover his terrible excitement. The old man who held the baby began to cry. He held the wren child high in his arms and kept muttering something over and over to himself. The blind faces in the strange row began to work.

A big policeman followed the Divine Healer down the line. He tried to look impassive, but his round, blue eyes were fixed and staring.

"I must do as the Spirit moves," said the Divine Healer, in a pronounced Scotch accent, "The chosen I will choose." He moved quickly down the line and touched first one and then another. "Not to-night," he said, "Not to-night." He passed the crippled boy with an impatient gesture. "By and by," he said. The boy tried to laugh. The Divine Healer did not look at the pained woman, and he would not turn his head when the old man held up his half-dying baby higher in his arms.



"Schlatter, the Healer," in Photographs Taken Specially for the Sunday Journal.



596

A round-faced woman of middle age sprang to her feet. Her plain, honest features were aglow.

"Me believe, dear Messiah, me believe," she said, "I have faith"—she clutched the arm of a pale girl in her work-hardened hands. The girl was smiling. Her great shining eyes were full of happy tears. She kept rocking to and fro in the chair.

"Not to-night," said the Divine Healer. "What is it he says?" whispered the pale girl, eagerly. "Shall I see now, right now? Keep your face close to me, mamma—you know I want to see you first."

"No, no," said the Divine Healer, irritably, "not to-night, I tell you."

The elder woman's face turned as white as death. "She's very weak," she said. "I'm afraid the shock will be hard on her. Me prayed all night last night, and to-day me prayed again—and me have the faith"—but the Healer was gone.

The elder woman began to explain. The light which had glorified the face of the pale girl, as if a fine flame should shine through alabaster, faded and her delicate head drooped.

The elder woman fell to her knees right there, in the open hall before the gaping crowd, and prayed aloud for strength to bear the old affliction anew.

A queer little withered man reached a shaking hand and plucked the Divine Healer by the sleeve. "I'm deaf," he said, huskily. "I can't get work, because I can't hear; but I'll give up my turn to the blind girl."

"No, no," said the Divine Healer, "I choose as the Lord chooseth."

An old, old man sat by the side of a young man who was very lame.

The young man would have been handsome but for the lines of pain written across his face and the satirical smile which twisted his mouth.

The old man tried to catch at the Divine Healer.

"Let him alone," said the young man, harshly. "He's a fraud, just as I said he was. I told you all the time he'd be a fraud."

"Sh!" said the old man; "sh; you must have faith, you must have faith."

"Oh, I've got faith," said the young man, laughing bitterly. "It's all I have got, too."

The Divine Healer did not hear either of them. He was walking down the line of people, picking out the ones whom he said the "Lord chooseth."

He took only those who were not afflicted with any visible ailment.

The blind, the lame, the deaf, the poor trembling creatures who shook with palsy—none of these he chose. And as he passed down the trembling line the light went out of the eyes of those he left untouched as if some invisible hand drew a dark curtain between them and hope.

He chose out a few old women and paraded them upon the stage.

One after one came out. The Divine Healer mumbled a prayer and the poor old creatures hobbled down.

The elderly woman crept to the edge of the platform.

"Please," she said, "oh, please, I don't mean to be wicked. I don't doubt, I believe, dear Messiah, but my little girl over there, she's blind, you see. We have waited so long for you to come and help us, and last night we prayed all night, you know, and this morning she was so happy. She sang all the time I was helping her dress. I couldn't sing. The day was so slow, but she did, and now—oh, please, please forgive me, please listen. Seventy times seven I will call upon you, like the woman in the Bible. You know she had a trance, and he was healed because of her. I do the bidding of my Master—an' thus I am content."

"This is a wondrous day, the weather's a cross," said the Divine Healer, "the weather's a cross, I think ye, or will they soon?"

"An' hae ye the good photographs?" "The ain't they'll want them. The inventions of men are most marvellous."

"The false that the real Schlatter is dead. 'I am he—an' I leave an' will leave till the world has been created seven times."

"For six long weeks I had my hall in the curling wads, an' now out it comes—leaving an' straight as needles. 'Tis a world of woe—ev'n the effect." And Dr. Schlatter, worker of miracles, turned on his shiny collar and started down Fourth street.

The people he had not cured scattered slowly. Most of them went Third street way.

The elderly woman led her daughter down the steps and out into the street. Other steps reached the lowest step she could see and held it as one who would throw javelin.

"May God's wrath!" she began, "S-s-s, mother," said the blind girl, "don't don't. He can't help it. Never again mother, I knew it wouldn't be any kind of the time."

The elderly woman's arm fell, her head began to work and she broke into a hoarse cry, holding of old age. "The little lass, her body's too short of the floor!"

"Aunt she a lass," she said, "She's cryin' cause water don't run in her. Women believe any old fash, want they?"

"Yup," said the boy with him. "Come on, Sherry, I'll help you down the steps."

WINIFRED BLACK.

THE inhabitants of Pitcairn Island are in danger of falling into imbecility. Their removal to another island, where they may live among civilized surroundings, has been recommended to the British Government by Sir G. T. M. O'Brien, High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. He says they are drifting into a most helpless condition.

Pitcairn Island is in the South Pacific, between Tahiti and Easter Islands. The colony, at the latest report, numbered 142 persons. They are the descendants of the mutineers of Her Majesty's ship Bounty, who landed first on Tahiti and then on Pitcairn. The mutineers numbered nine, and they were joined by six Tahitian men and a dozen Tahitian women. This was away back in 1790. During the ten years that followed, the whites and the blacks quarrelled, there were several murders and, finally, there was but one man remaining, John Adams, who was left on the island

with eight or nine women and several children, to fight the battle of life in this lonely ocean isle.

The colony flourished and increased in size under John Adams' leadership, and all the reports that have come from them were to the effect that the Pitcairn Islanders were happy, contented and prosperous, and that they were leading an altogether idyllic existence, far from the cares and strife of this big, selfish world. Ships stopped there from time to time and brought news of them to London and New York, and it began to be accepted that on Pitcairn there was being realized a little Utopia, where simple lives and simple ways united to produce a truly happy community. Here was one spot on earth where there was no selfishness, no crime, no unhappiness.

But now an utterly different state of affairs is found to exist. The report issued by the Colonial Office on the condition of

the Pitcairn Islanders tells a melancholy story of decadence and deterioration. The report consists of correspondence. The first letter is from Rear Admiral Palliser, who, writing in April, 1898, speaks of the deterioration through the effects of later marriage and overpopulation, and the lack of moral fiber, which he attributes to the absence of discipline and the incentive to work.

Later Sir G. T. M. O'Brien, the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, reported to Mr. Chamberlain that the Islanders, unless something be done, will drift into imbecility. And yet we read:

"They begin and end their day with prayer; they neither drink nor smoke, and they appear to be almost vegetarians. If they are questioned, the questions must be put in plain, simple language or they do not understand."

mean to be wicked. I don't doubt, I believe, dear Messiah, but my little girl over there, she's blind, you see. We have waited so long for you to come and help us, and last night we prayed all night, you know, and this morning she was so happy. She sang all the time I was helping her dress. I couldn't sing. The day was so slow, but she did, and now—oh, please, please forgive me, please listen. Seventy times seven I will call upon you, like the woman in the Bible. You know she had a trance, and he was healed because of her. I do the bidding of my Master—an' thus I am content."

Mr. Devine makes a stride to the edge of the platform. "There is too much noise," he said. "These people are talking too much. The meeting cannot go on like this to-morrow night and see the miracles again."

After each one the Divine Healer said, "I am content."

"This is a wondrous day, the weather's a cross," said the Divine Healer, "the weather's a cross, I think ye, or will they soon?"

"An' hae ye the good photographs?" "The ain't they'll want them. The inventions of men are most marvellous."

"The false that the real Schlatter is dead. 'I am he—an' I leave an' will leave till the world has been created seven times."

"For six long weeks I had my hall in the curling wads, an' now out it comes—leaving an' straight as needles. 'Tis a world of woe—ev'n the effect." And Dr. Schlatter, worker of miracles, turned on his shiny collar and started down Fourth street.

The people he had not cured scattered slowly. Most of them went Third street way.

The elderly woman led her daughter down the steps and out into the street. Other steps reached the lowest step she could see and held it as one who would throw javelin.

"May God's wrath!" she began, "S-s-s, mother," said the blind girl, "don't don't. He can't help it. Never again mother, I knew it wouldn't be any kind of the time."

The elderly woman's arm fell, her head began to work and she broke into a hoarse cry, holding of old age. "The little lass, her body's too short of the floor!"

"Aunt she a lass," she said, "She's cryin' cause water don't run in her. Women believe any old fash, want they?"

"Yup," said the boy with him. "Come on, Sherry, I'll help you down the steps."

WINIFRED BLACK.

THE Woman Military Band Conductor.

It is hard to believe it, but the newest new woman of the day hails from that staid, quiet shoemaking little town of Massachusetts—Lynn.

She is Miss Nellie Miles, cousin of General Nelson A. Miles, and the only woman conductor of a military band in the world.

In a few weeks Miss Miles will begin a tour of the United States at the head of a well trained military band, composed of thirty stalwart uniformed young men. And then the ambition of her life will be realized.

Miss Miles is not only a born musician, but she is the type of progressive young womanhood that is daunted at nothing. She has worked with a will for years for the unique position she has now attained.

Nellie Miles comes from a family of unusual musical talent. She was born in England and studied music from the time she was a wee bit of a girl—she was

seven years old when she made her first concert appearance. To-day she occupies a prominent position in the musical world, and is well known to the Boston music-loving public. She is a skilled cornetist, and her knowledge of harmony is said to be exceptional.

Her experience as a musician has been a varied one, but though she has made several successful concert tours through the United States and Canada, she claims that her ambition will not be satisfied until the Nellie Miles Military Band is an acknowledged success throughout the country.

This new rival of Sousa, even if she is a mere woman, has started for success along the right lines. She personally selected every man in her band, and has devoted the greater portion of her time for the past three years to their training.

The members of the band have been provided with the best instruments which could be bought, and their uniforms are in the most up-to-date style. Singly and collectively they are working for the instantaneous success of their clever leader.

After each one the Divine Healer said, "I am content."

"This is a wondrous day, the weather's a cross," said the Divine Healer, "the weather's a cross, I think ye, or will they soon?"

"An' hae ye the good photographs?" "The ain't they'll want them. The inventions of men are most marvellous."

"The false that the real Schlatter is dead. 'I am he—an' I leave an' will leave till the world has been created seven times."

"For six long weeks I had my hall in the curling wads, an' now out it comes—leaving an' straight as needles. 'Tis a world of woe—ev'n the effect." And Dr. Schlatter, worker of miracles, turned on his shiny collar and started down Fourth street.

The people he had not cured scattered slowly. Most of them went Third street way.

The elderly woman led her daughter down the steps and out into the street. Other steps reached the lowest step she could see and held it as one who would throw javelin.

"May God's wrath!" she began, "S-s-s, mother," said the blind girl, "don't don't. He can't help it. Never again mother, I knew it wouldn't be any kind of the time."

The elderly woman's arm fell, her head began to work and she broke into a hoarse cry, holding of old age. "The little lass, her body's too short of the floor!"

"Aunt she a lass," she said, "She's cryin' cause water don't run in her. Women believe any old fash, want they?"

"Yup," said the boy with him. "Come on, Sherry, I'll help you down the steps."

WINIFRED BLACK.

THE Woman Military Band Conductor.

It is hard to believe it, but the newest new woman of the day hails from that staid, quiet shoemaking little town of Massachusetts—Lynn.

She is Miss Nellie Miles, cousin of General Nelson A. Miles, and the only woman conductor of a military band in the world.

In a few weeks Miss Miles will begin a tour of the United States at the head of a well trained military band, composed of thirty stalwart uniformed young men. And then the ambition of her life will be realized.

Miss Miles is not only a born musician, but she is the type of progressive young womanhood that is daunted at nothing. She has worked with a will for years for the unique position she has now attained.

Nellie Miles comes from a family of unusual musical talent. She was born in England and studied music from the time she was a wee bit of a girl—she was

seven years old when she made her first concert appearance. To-day she occupies a prominent position in the musical world, and is well known to the Boston music-loving public. She is a skilled cornetist, and her knowledge of harmony is said to be exceptional.

Her experience as a musician has been a varied one, but though she has made several successful concert tours through the United States and Canada, she claims that her ambition will not be satisfied until the Nellie Miles Military Band is an acknowledged success throughout the country.

This new rival of Sousa, even if she is a mere woman, has started for success along the right lines. She personally selected every man in her band, and has devoted the greater portion of her time for the past three years to their training.

The members of the band have been provided with the best instruments which could be bought, and their uniforms are in the most up-to-date style. Singly and collectively they are working for the instantaneous success of their clever leader.

After each one the Divine Healer said, "I am content."

"This is a wondrous day, the weather's a cross," said the Divine Healer, "the weather's a cross, I think ye, or will they soon?"

"An' hae ye the good photographs?" "The ain't they'll want them. The inventions of men are most marvellous."

"The false that the real Schlatter is dead. 'I am he—an' I leave an' will leave till the world has been created seven times."

"For six long weeks I had my hall in the curling wads, an' now out it comes—leaving an' straight as needles. 'Tis a world of woe—ev'n the effect." And Dr. Schlatter, worker of miracles, turned on his shiny collar and started down Fourth street.

The people he had not cured scattered slowly. Most of them went Third street way.

The elderly woman led her daughter down the steps and out into the street. Other steps reached the lowest step she could see and held it as one who would throw javelin.

"May God's wrath!" she began, "S-s-s, mother," said the blind girl, "don't don't. He can't help it. Never again mother, I knew it wouldn't be any kind of the time."

The elderly woman's arm fell, her head began to work and she broke into a hoarse cry, holding of old age. "The little lass, her body's too short of the floor!"

"Aunt she a lass," she said, "She's cryin' cause water don't run in her. Women believe any old fash, want they?"

"Yup," said the boy with him. "Come on, Sherry, I'll help you down the steps."

WINIFRED BLACK.

THE Woman Military Band Conductor.

It is hard to believe it, but the newest new woman of the day hails from that staid, quiet shoemaking little town of Massachusetts—Lynn.

She is Miss Nellie Miles, cousin of General Nelson A. Miles, and the only woman conductor of a military band in the world.

In a few weeks Miss Miles will begin a tour of the United States at the head of a well trained military band, composed of thirty stalwart uniformed young men. And then the ambition of her life will be realized.

Miss Miles is not only a born musician, but she is the type of progressive young womanhood that is daunted at nothing. She has worked with a will for years for the unique position she has now attained.

Nellie Miles comes from a family of unusual musical talent. She was born in England and studied music from the time she was a wee bit of a girl—she was

seven years old when she made her first concert appearance. To-day she occupies a prominent position in the musical world, and is well known to the Boston music-loving public. She is a skilled cornetist, and her knowledge of harmony is said to be exceptional.

Her experience as a musician has been a varied one, but though she has made several successful concert tours through the United States and Canada, she claims that her ambition will not be satisfied until the Nellie Miles Military Band is an acknowledged success throughout the country.

This new rival of Sousa, even if she is a mere woman, has started for success along the right lines. She personally selected every man in her band, and has devoted the greater portion of her time for the past three years to their training.

The members of the band have been provided with the best instruments which could be bought, and their uniforms are in the most up-to-date style. Singly and collectively they are working for the instantaneous success of their clever leader.

After each one the Divine Healer said, "I am content."

"This is a wondrous day, the weather's a cross," said the Divine Healer, "the weather's a cross, I think ye, or will they soon?"

"An' hae ye the good photographs?" "The ain't they'll want them. The inventions of men are most marvellous."

"The false that the real Schlatter is dead. 'I am he—an' I leave an' will leave till the world has been created seven times."

"For six long weeks I had my hall in the curling wads, an' now out it comes—leaving an' straight as needles. 'Tis a world of woe—ev'n the effect." And Dr. Schlatter, worker of miracles, turned on his shiny collar and started down Fourth street.

The people he had not cured scattered slowly. Most of them went Third street way.

The elderly woman led her daughter down the steps and out into the street. Other steps reached the lowest step she could see and held it as one who would throw javelin.

"May God's wrath!" she began, "S-s-s, mother," said the blind girl, "don't don't. He can't help it. Never again mother, I knew it wouldn't be any kind of the time."

The elderly woman's arm fell, her head began to work and she broke into a hoarse cry, holding of old age. "The little lass, her body's too short of the floor!"

"Aunt she a lass," she said, "She's cryin' cause water don't run in her. Women believe any old fash, want they?"

"Yup," said the boy with him. "Come on, Sherry, I'll help you down the steps."

WINIFRED BLACK.

THE Woman Military Band Conductor.

It is hard to believe it, but the newest new woman of the day hails from that staid, quiet shoemaking little town of Massachusetts—Lynn.

She is Miss Nellie Miles, cousin of General Nelson A. Miles, and the only woman conductor of a military band in the world.

In a few weeks Miss Miles will begin a tour of the United States at the head of a well trained military band, composed of thirty stalwart uniformed young men. And then the ambition of her life will be realized.

Miss Miles is not only a born musician, but she is the type of progressive young womanhood that is daunted at nothing. She has worked with a will for years for the unique position she has now attained.

Nellie Miles comes from a family of unusual musical talent. She was born in England and studied music from the time she was a wee bit of a girl—she was

seven years old when she made her first concert appearance. To-day she occupies a prominent position in the musical world, and is well known to the Boston music-loving public. She is a skilled cornetist, and her knowledge of harmony is said to be exceptional.

Her experience as a musician has been a varied one, but though she has made several successful concert tours through the United States and Canada, she claims that her ambition will not be satisfied until the Nellie Miles Military Band is an acknowledged success throughout the country.

This new rival of Sousa, even if she is a mere woman, has started for success along the right lines. She personally selected every man in her band, and has devoted the greater portion of her time for the past three years to their training.

The members of the band have been provided with the best instruments which could be bought, and their uniforms are in the most up-to-date style. Singly and collectively they are working for the instantaneous success of their clever leader.

After each one the Divine Healer said, "I am content."

"This is a wondrous day, the weather's a cross," said the Divine Healer, "the weather's a cross, I think ye, or will they soon?"

"An' hae ye the good photographs?" "The ain't they'll want them. The inventions of men are most marvellous."

"The false that the real Schlatter is dead. 'I am he—an' I leave an' will leave till the world has been created seven times."

"For six long weeks I had my hall in the curling wads, an' now out it comes—leaving an' straight as needles. 'Tis a world of woe—ev'n the effect." And Dr. Schlatter, worker of miracles, turned on his shiny collar and started down Fourth street.

The people he had not cured scattered slowly. Most of them went Third street way.

The elderly woman led her daughter down the steps and out into the street. Other steps reached the lowest step she could see and held it as one who would throw javelin.

"May God's wrath!" she began, "S-s-s, mother," said the blind girl, "don't don't. He can't help it. Never again mother, I knew it wouldn't be any kind of the time."

The elderly woman's arm fell, her head began to work and she broke into a hoarse cry, holding of old age. "The little lass, her body's too short of the floor!"

"Aunt she a lass," she said, "She's cryin' cause water don't run in her. Women believe any old fash, want they?"

"Yup," said the boy with him. "Come on, Sherry, I'll help you down the steps."

WINIFRED BLACK.

THE Woman Military Band Conductor.

It is hard to believe it, but the newest new woman of the day hails from that staid, quiet shoemaking little town of Massachusetts—Lynn.

She is Miss Nellie Miles, cousin of General Nelson A. Miles, and the only woman conductor of a military band in the world.

In a few weeks Miss Miles will begin a tour of the United States at the head of a well trained military